

# The Windmills Of Your Mind

Nana Mouskouri

Round like a circle in a spiral  
Like a wheel within a wheel  
Never ending or beginning  
On an ever spinning reel

Like a snowball down the mountain  
Or a carnival balloon  
Like a carousel that's turning  
Running rings around the moon

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping  
Past the minutes on its face  
And the world is like an apple  
Whirling silently in space

Like the circles that you find  
In the windmills of your mind

Like a tunnel that you follow  
To a tunnel of its own  
Down the highway to a cavern  
Where the sun has never shone

Like a door that keeps revolving  
In a half forgotten dream  
Of the ripples from a pebble  
Someone tosses in the stream

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping  
Past the minutes on its face  
And the world is like an apple  
Whirling silently in space

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Like a tunnel that you follow  
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Like a door that keeps revolving  
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Of the ripples from a pebble  
Someone tosses in the stream

Keys that jingle in your pocket  
Words that jangle in your head  
Why did summer go so quickly?  
Was it something that you said

Lovers walk along the shore  
And leave their foot-prints in the sand  
Is the sound of distant drumming  
Just the fingers of your hand

Pictures hanging in the hallway

And the fragment of a song  
Half remembered names and faces  
But to whom do they belong

When you knew that it was over  
In the autumn of goodbyes  
For a moment you could not recall  
The color of his eyes

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Like a wheel within a wheel  
Never ending or beginning  
On an ever spinning reel

Like a snowball down the mountain  
Or a carnival balloon  
Like a carousel that's turning  
Running rings around the moon

As the images unwind  
Like the circles that you find  
In the windmills of you mind